

ST. LOUIS BY VIRTUE OF RESOURCES AMERICA'S MOST ATTRACTIVE CITIES.

Every Locality Is Involved in the Betterment as New Homes and Business Buildings Conform to Higher Ideals from Artistic and Utilitarian Viewpoints.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

St. Louis is at the threshold of her greatness. In the next ten years the city will make marvelous strides forward. The decade will witness the progress made in a whole half century before. The last ten years were marked by a revolution of gigantic proportions, resulting in greater advancement than distinguished all the preceding thirty years. This advancement was as nothing in comparison to prospects apparent at the dawn of the new St. Louis.

Such is the opinion of John J. O'Brien, president of the board of assessors, who recently finished an investigation of building conditions in all parts of the city. Accompanied by the ten district inspectors he traveled every where, along well-known and unknown streets, to determine values of property and structures.

"St. Louis is now only at the beginning of her career as a metropolis," he says. "A new era has begun. The people realize that the city is destined, by virtue of her position and her many important resources, to play a prominent role in the large affairs of the country. To the person who studies facts and conditions, and who is competent to judge results from wide courses, the brilliant future of St. Louis is not a dream but a reality."

Buildings Erected on Sites of Old Landmarks.

"We all know of the progress made in the last ten years from the remarkable growth of commercial and industrial institutions, as well as from the artistic and mercantile edifices, manufacturing plants and fine residences that have arisen where ancient landmarks stood as sorry reminders of the old town."

"The last decade saw changes that surpassed all improvements that were accomplished in at least a quarter of a century, perhaps a half century, before. In the decade begun with the beginning of the twentieth century we shall witness a betterment that will excel all that was done in

the years intervening since the Civil War. "Old buildings are passing away and stately structures, built in accordance with modern conceptions of art and usefulness, are being constructed in their stead. The change is not entirely exemplified in the number of buildings in process of construction, though this signifies a general tendency toward investment and financial risk."

"All over the city new homes, mercantile buildings and factories are being built. Every part of St. Louis is involved in the betterment. And it will be noticed that the new buildings conform to higher ideals, both from artistic and utilitarian viewpoints. Contractors have workmen engaged in all districts, and on some jobs the men are working day and night."

Restrictions Should Be Imposed to Protect Investors.

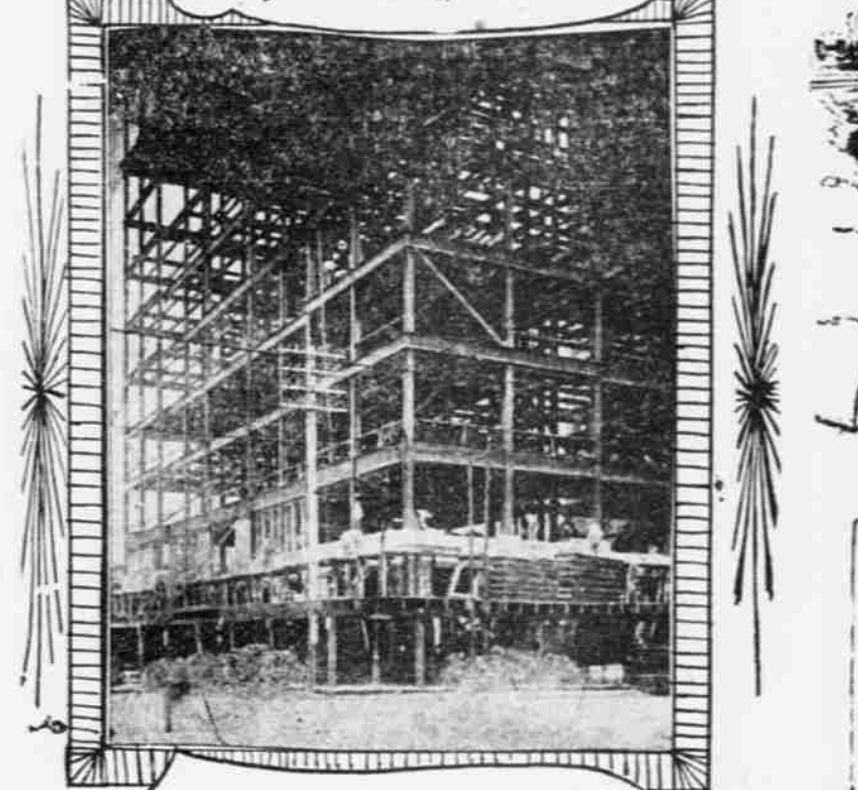
"The new St. Louis surely will be one of the greatest cities in the United States, and probably in the world. Judging from the new homes and mercantile edifices being erected it will also be a beautiful city. Progress will not be long deferred. As we reach the threshold of the new era, the people of the city are wide awake to the city's possibilities. Citizens are striving to realize the best of what the future holds."

"Since this decade marks the beginning of the greater St. Louis, steps should be taken to insure a better St. Louis. Restrictions should be imposed to protect investors. There are some streets, for instance, where property is so valuable, that only certain kinds of residences should be permitted."

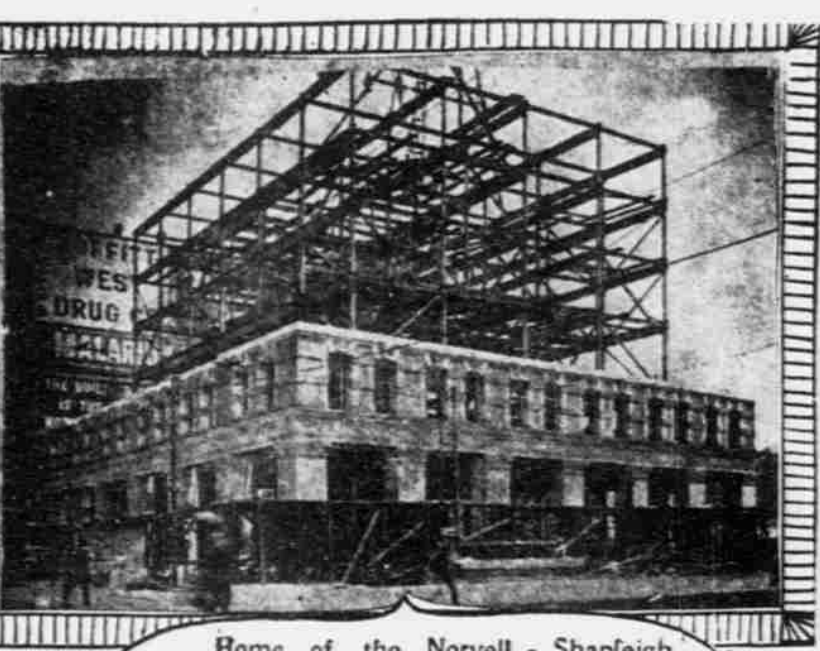
"The too-common tendency to build flats should not be too earnestly encouraged, or else values will depreciate after the newness wears away. A Chicago gentleman recently said to me: 'There is more poverty and degradation in one block of Chicago than in all the rest of the city.' Now is the time to do something to prevent similar conditions here."



New St. John's M. E. Church, southwest corner King's highway and Washington boulevard.



Pontiac Office Building, northwest corner Seventh and Market streets, as it looks to-day.



Home of the Norvell-Shapleigh Hardware Company, on the northeast corner of Fourth street and Washington avenue.



Modern mercantile building constructed by the Merrell Drug Company, on the northeast corner of Fourth and Market streets.

POEMS OF OLD SCOTLAND

By ROBERT BURNS.

As Fond Kiss, and Then We Sever.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could tempt my Nanny;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love for ever.
Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Had we never lov'd so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Scots, Wha Hae W' Wallace Bled!

Scots, wha hae w' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to your veng'ance bed,
Now's the day an' now's the hour,
See the front o' battle bow;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and alarums!

Highland Lad My Love Was Born.

A Highland lad my love was born,
The lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant brow John Highlandman.
Sing hey, my John Highlandman,
Sing hey, my John Highlandman!
There's no a lad in the land
Was match w' my John Highlandman.

My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose.

O my love is like a red, red rose,
That newly sprung in June;
My love is like a melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Green Grow the Rashies, O.

There's naught but care on ev'ry face,
In ev'ry heart that passes, O!
Wha signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na' for the lassies, O!
Green grow the rashies, O!
Green grow the rashies, O!
The sweetest hours that ere I spent,
Were spent among the lassies, O!

A Man's a Man for a' That.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, an' a' that,
The coward slave we pass him by,
We daur be puir for a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

A' the Airts the Win' Can Blaw.

O' all the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lies,
The lassie I lo'e best;
The wild woods grow, an' rivers row,
And moun' a' bill between,
Bath day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever w' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flow'r, see lovely,
Sweet, an' fair;
I hear her voice in flake bird
Wha's music charms the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

O, Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley?

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she aye o'er the border?
She's gane like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.
To see her is to love her,
And love her but for ever,
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made music anther.

Mary Morrison.

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake would gladly dea?
Or canst thou break that heart o' his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pite to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be,
The thought o' Mary Morrison.

My Heart Is Sair.

Ye power that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae like danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
Oh hey, for somebody!
I wad do what wad I not
For the sake o' somebody.

John Anderson, My Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John
When we were first acquaint,
Your looks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was bent,
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your looks are like the snow,
Yet blessings on your snowy pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha' kiss'd so fondly,
And clod'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly.
And moulder now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'd me dearly,
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robin Adair.

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near,
What wad I wish to see,
What wad I wish to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine,
I never saw a fairer,
I never lov'd a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel time.

I Gaed a Wae' Gate Yestreen.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wif'd,
She charm'd my soul, I wisht na mair;
But aye she aught, the deadly wound
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
She'll alibi listen to my vow;
Should she refuse I'll lay me dead,
Te her twa een sae bonnie blue.

Naeboddy.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be and for naeboddy;
If naeboddy care for me
I'll care for naeboddy.

Address to the Deil.

And now, auld Clootie, I ken ye're thinkin'
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless lad will send him linkin'
To your black pit.
But, faith! he'll turn a corner finkin'
An' cheat you yet.

Address to the Unco Guid.

O ye wha are sae guid yourself,
Sae pious an' sae holy,
Ye're naught to do but mark an' tell
Your neebor's faults and folly;
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Suppl'd w' store o' water,
The heart's hammer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lee, on yonder lee,
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blow, around thee blow,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Afton Water.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy
green braes—
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my
lays.
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

This Is No My Ain Lassie.

O, this is no my ain lassie,
O, this is no my ain lassie,
O, weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may w' the fairest place;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

To a Mountain Daisy.

On turning one down with a plow, in
April, 1756)
Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem!

Tam o' Shanter: A Tale.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn;
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
W'r tippity, we fear na evil;
W'r squallies we'll face the devil!

Here Awa', There Awa'.

Best, ye wild storms, in the caves of your
slumbers;
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Waken, ye breezes! Row gently, ye billows!
And wait my dear lassie ance mair to my arms.

My Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O,
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome to Nannie, O.
My riches a' my penny fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O,
But wad'st thou gear never troubles me—
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Raglan Eloquence.

Winks: "Jinks wad loo clothes,
doesn't he?"
Blunder: "Loud! Why, his raglan is the
only thing big enough to show the whole
pattern."

Knicker: "Were there any suspicious
characters about?"
Bocker: "Only two politicians."

POLITICS INFLUENCED BY MISSOURI FARMER'S WIFE.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Wentzville, July 12.—Here in Missouri the farmer and his money of a farmer's wife has played a part in a county convention. From pioneer days to the present the farmer's wife has been entitled by custom to the income derived from the sale of butter and eggs. These products are directly under her supervision, and their sale or exchange constitutes her pin money.

It has remained for a Missouri woman, wife of a prosperous farmer near Wentz-

villa, to put her egg and butter money to other uses than the purchase of thread and trimming and extra fancy for herself and children. In this case the egg and butter money was spent for things political.

Mr. Charles J. Walker, now State Senator (Democrat), is a candidate for renomination in the Tenth Senatorial District. His native county of St. Charles has always stood by him. When the Democratic County Convention met at St. Charles not long ago some lively opposition to Walker was developed. The other man's friends were in the field. Walker's friends were assiduous in their efforts to get a good Walker delegation to attend the convention. Headline Allen and Will McCoy, both of Wentzville, and old friends of Walker, spent days in his behalf, and W. R. Dalton, Walker's nephew, drove through the county urging his friends to be at St. Charles on the appointed day.

"What's the prospects for your Uncle Charles's carrying the county?" asked a farmer's wife of young Dalton one day the afternoon before the convention. Headline Allen and Will McCoy, both of Wentzville, and old friends of Walker, spent days in his behalf, and W. R. Dalton, Walker's nephew, drove through the county urging his friends to be at St. Charles on the appointed day.

"I hope we'll carry it, but we'll have to work," was the reply. "Uncle Charles writes from St. Charles that his friends will have to stand by him."

"That we will!" exclaimed the woman. "Who's going?"

"The young man gave a list of names of promised voters."

"Isn't Mr. J. going?"

"Mr. J. says he can't afford to spend the money for the ticket now, and I suppose he is hard pressed."

"If he can't, I can," was the emphatic rejoinder. "You tell Mr. J. that he's going. I'll buy his ticket out of my egg and butter money. Wait a minute and I'll get it for you," and with that she hurried into the

SOME WOMEN WHO DARED

house and brought out the necessary "change."

Such was the power of her enthusiasm and example that a goodly delegation left Wentzville for St. Charles, and the county declared for Walker by 225 majority.

COMPRESSED AIR USED BY BARBERS.

Air, and compressed air at that, is beginning to supersede towels in the equipment of the well-regulated barber shop. After the shaving process has been concluded the tonsorial artist in an up-town Broadway establishment carefully sponges from the customer's visage all traces of soap. Then he reaches under the shelf and draws forth a piece of rubber hose, the end of which is tipped by a metallic contrivance. This is affixed to the atomizing apparatus of a bottle of bay rum. A button is pressed and a fine spray of the cooling liquid is directed at the face of the customer. A sharp

click and the pipe is disconnected, to be refilled to a bottle of the regulation toilet water.

Then the barber massages the face for a few minutes and concludes by reaching for the rubber pipe once more. This time there is no attaching it to a bottle. The current of air is directed at the face, and in less time than it would take with a towel the features are dried. The sensation of the air pouring across the mouth and nostrils is apt to cause a gasp or two from the prostrate victim in the chair; but after he has passed through the ordeal once or twice he is prepared for the emergency, and the sensation is rather pleasing than otherwise.

Needed to Be Trained.

Mrs. Hatterton: "I suppose you send your children to public school because you want them to learn to accommodate themselves to all sorts of people."

Mrs. Catterton: "Yes. Later on, you know, they will go to summer resorts."—Life.

the north shore, just outside the town on the Allegheny River.

A few days later Mrs. Margaret Jeffries, who occupies a houseboat, saw what she thought was a huge gray dog nosing about the river bank, only a few hundred feet away. Three dogs also saw the wolf and made a bee line for the animal.

The size of the newcomer brought the dogs to a standstill. They circled around, sniffing in the direction of the wolf, which glared and snarled savagely. With one accord the dogs jumped at the wolf. There was a mix-up, three dogs were seen flying through the air and the wolf held a morsel of dog flesh in his teeth. It belonged to a bull terrier, which held firmly to a bit of turf of hair. The wolf had the dogs whiplashed and turned tail to the houseboat, seeking shelter in the cabin.

The wolf gave chase and the four animals rushed inside the dog, landing in the middle of the floor in a heap. The dogs were cornered and had to fight. The wolf wanted revenge and snapped right and left.

Mrs. Jeffries had watched the fight on the river bank and ran toward the village. She soon remembered that she had left her grandson, 5 years of age, in the houseboat, and came back to take a hand in the fight and save the child. The boy was seated on the floor of the cabin, playing with a large cat. The cat did not run when the dogs and wolf rushed into the cabin, but watched the fight.

The dogs fled as fast as they could limp out and the wolf began nosing around. He placed his snout close to the child's face, and the cat, which was in the boy's lap, made a jab with its claws at the wolf's nose and ripped a streak from its eyes to the tip of its nose.

The beast drew back, then made a spring at the cat, and the cat, which had rolled around the floor, the cat being on top of the wolf's back, clawing and tearing its flesh.

The room was small and the wolf upset the on the plank. The beast toppled into the cooking stove in its efforts to dislodge the cat, the boy rolling partly behind the stove. Thomas Hill, 12 years old, a nephew of Mrs. Jeffries, entered the cabin with an ax and made a jab at the wolf. No attention was paid to this by the animal, as the cat was ripping its back into strips. The lad caught his cousin and dragged him toward the door, looking backward, while Love followed on a run. The animal finally righted itself, tearing a big hole in its head, as if to make a spring, and fell in heap to the ground. It died soon after. The Joseph Steel, the little fellow who had been saved, was badly clawed and his clothes were torn, but he was not otherwise hurt. All the time the fight was going on in the cabin he was under the feet of the wolf and the dogs as they chased each other about, and also when the cat and the wolf were having their battle.

FIERCE BATTLE WITH A BIG GRAY WOLF.

ON the outskirts of Pittsburgh prowled nightly big gray wolves that terrorize suburban citizens. The roar and racket of industry does not scare the modern animal. Several weeks ago three large animals were noticed swimming from the south shore of the Allegheny River to

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WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

LYING "beaten" their way, penniless, almost 1,000 miles, Miss Louise Gauss and Miss Grace Fesland, of Chicago, have reached Omaha again, on their return trip, and, while the life of adventure has had its charms, the young women are overjoyed at being so near the end of their long journey.

It was a little matter of six pairs of gloves that actuated this freak trip on the part of two girls, who were well provided for at home. On March 23 last, more than three months ago, they started to reach San Francisco and to return without a cent.

Since then they have experienced many odd and some serious adventures. Much of the way they rode on the best trains, simply inviting conductors to "search us" for money. Some of the distance they "bummed" on freights, while many miles were covered by actual pedestrianism.

The cold wave throughout the valleys of the Middle West recently has made "bobbing" really dangerous, and the girls say they almost froze one night, as they rode two hours on the brake beams of a coal car, between North Platte and Kearney, Neb.

At Omaha the tramps found awaiting them complete new attire, sent on by a Salt Lake City man, who had learned their story when they passed through there and admitted their pluck. The girls are somewhat dubious now as to the wisdom of their actions. Said Miss Gauss:

"It's been a good experience, no doubt, and in some practical ways I suppose we have both benefited. However, it has cost me dear. My face is now as leathery as a cowhide, and my hair is bleached to an unlovely flax. I'll stay home hereafter. We expected to get passes from here to Chicago, but failed, so will be compelled to 'bum' on in. But that comes easy now. Have we walked much? Well, I've worn out ten pairs of shoes on this trip."

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